

VOL. 2, NO. 19 : AUG. 30, 1934 : TEN CENTS





Editor's Quill

NEWs announcements make it appear certain that vigorous efforts will be made to pass through the next Congress a bill to establish or legalize a huge private or state lottery.

The enactment of such a law should not be permitted. The government has no right to further or encourage a project which puts into the minds of a great many people the idea that one can "get something for nothing"—or nearly nothing.

Money or anything else so obtained seldom or never accomplishes any good. More often it does great and permanent harm. For the comparatively few who win (?) thousands upon thousands lose. Those who lose are deprived of more than their money. They sacrifice their confidence, their self-respect and their independence.

Morally the whole thing is wrong. The same argument that put the Louisiana lottery out of business some years ago is potent enough to halt the setting up of a new and dangerous legalized gambling scheme.

—W. L. O.

GRADUALLY growing is talk of reviving lotteries on a grand and legal scale, for some means has to be found to take over the burden of relief. Legal lotteries have existed many times in this country's history but generally passed out of the picture when they were used for ulterior purposes. Lotteries are in existence at the present time, but they are illegal and the purchaser of a ticket has no assurance that he will not be gypped in the end.

Over \$1,000,000,000 leaves this country each year for foreign lotteries—money that should remain in this country. The States of New York and Illinois are endeavoring to find some means to permit them to operate state lotteries for the benefit of the unemployed and for other relief work, but the moralists are fighting hard to prevent such a thing.

The gambling instinct is inherent in the nature of our people and mere pro-

hibition of lotteries will not prevent the gratification of the lottery instinct any more than liquor prohibition stopped the sale and consumption of liquor. But how much better to allow this gambling instinct to find its way into lotteries serving a useful purpose. Let the people play at gambling and give them a legal means of doing so, whereby all the proceeds can be applied to the relief work so necessary at this time and so doubly necessary when the ravages of winter are felt over our land.

Can anyone explain why the Stock Exchange is permitted to operate and lotteries are prohibited? To be sure, the moralists will rise up and say there is a world of difference. So there is, but the difference is not on the side of morality. In the Stock Exchange form of gambling, the purchaser of stock always feels that he is going to win, never expects to lose, and has no possible way of knowing how much he will lose. Under a legal lottery, each purchaser of a ticket knows what his chances are of winning, hopes to win, and knows exactly what he will lose, if he does. Isn't this all in favor of a legal lottery?

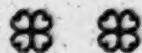
France conducts a state lottery that brings in fabulous sums to the treasury and the lotteries are rigidly supervised. Eliminate all chance of graft or misuse of lottery funds and you will have the easiest means of raising the necessary funds for relief with the least possible burden on those subscribing the funds.

—E. A. H. W.

TO PARAPHRASE the words of the late President William H. Taft, "Carmel knows how." The oldest old-timer or the comparative new-comer fails to recall a time or an event which brought forth so much enthusiasm, cooperation and hard work, so much civic pride and desire to honor a great man and his work, as has been manifest this week and during the preparation period for the Serra Festival.

It demonstrates what really can be done if the occasion is one of special importance and appeal. It is true that Carmel does pass up conventional holidays frequently that other communities make much of. We've been criticised for that. But after all, "Carmel knows how" when it feels the urge.

—W. L. O.



The drudgery of today disciplines us to meet the responsibilities of tomorrow.

Poetry



JUNIPERO SERRA

Il va cherchant l'Indien perdu dans la nature,
Pour le conduire à Dieu il le prend par la main;
Qu'importe en cet instant que la tache soit dure
C'est un Eden perdu qu'il vent rendre aux humains.

Il s'en va le vaillant en sa robe de bure,
Perché sur son baudet, il trace le chemin.
Le nomade le suit dans sa grande aventure.
Et prépare avec lui la terre de demain.

Carmel! Il rêve encor. Sa tache est achevée.
Que cherche son regard par delà les beaux monts?
Un noir vautour poursuit une oiselle affolée.

Junipero tresaille. Est-ce un triste présage?
Ce bel Indien si fier . . . "O Dieu! juste et bon!"
Déjà le vautour seul vole vers les nuages.
—JEANNE M. PIRENNE

PACIFIC

Here—from this crystal window
I watch the Pacific—so blue
And very quiet—though
Often it rages with turbulence.

So my heart may be gentle
For a little—and my mind at peace.
But not for long—soon I shall be
All troubled again—quiet will cease.

Oh! my Love, whom I love so well
Come to me soon. Come to me now.
There are so many things to tell
You—that I scarcely know how

I can wait for you—or live
Another moment until you come.
My heart is beating quite rapidly.
And, look! the quiet of the sea has gone.
—D. B.

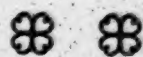


It won't be long now. The Post Office, which has been on Dolores Street for so many years, will shortly be removed to the recently leased Murphy Building at the southwest corner of Ocean Avenue and Mission Street, opposite the City Park.

Though there is less floor space than in the present quarters, partitions and new equipment have been so arranged by I. V. Dawson, Post Office Department representative, as to provide for the public and the office workers every convenience and comfort.

It seems probable that there will be a smaller number of boxes in the new office than are now in the old lobby, and this circumstance has revived talk of carrier delivery. Should that come about, which many residents oppose, three carriers would have to be put to work, and the office force reduced somewhat.

In addition, carrier service would mean an increase in local postage from one cent to two cents.



With one dissenting vote, that of Councilman Bernard Rowntree, the Carmel City Council at its last week's meeting set the 1935 municipal tax rate at \$1.11 on \$100 valuation. This is four cents lower than the 1934 rate and will effect a considerable saving to all taxpayers. A property-owner, who opposed the reduction, remarked after the meeting: "It's easy enough to reduce the rate, but pretty hard to bring it up again."

By reducing the general fund rate from 85¢ to 83¢ and the Library rate from 21¢ to 19¢ this lowering of the annual rate was brought about. Councilman Rowntree was opposed to reducing the Library rate on the ground that it would cripple the service of that institution, and he did not deem it at all wise to lower the general fund rate.

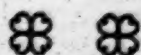
Levies for payment of principal and interest on Carmel's two bond issues—sand dunes and fire engine—remain the same. The sand dunes bond rate is 4¢ and the fire engine bond rate 5¢.

The assessment roll of the village totals \$3,333,797 and the \$1.11 tax rate will produce approximately \$37,000 in revenue, less delinquencies.

The tax ordinance will be given its second and final reading next month and will be approved.

The 2¢ reduction in the Library rate came as a surprise as the council had been expected to make at least a 3¢ cut in the levy for that institution as the result of complaints against what were termed "excessive" library expenditures. A compromise was reached, however, at an informal meeting of the council prior to the open session.

The rate set will apply to taxes due the first Monday in November and delinquent the last Monday in December.



The voters of Carmel will again be afforded an opportunity to decide whether they do or do not want a city-owned City Hall and Fire House. Proponents of the plan assert that the project can be put through without the need of any increase in taxes, due to the saving of the present rent on both quarters. In addition, they point to the opportunity of providing work for many of Carmel's unemployed.

Plans for the proposed building have been drafted by a group of local architects—Messrs. Koepp, Ryland, Latham and Greene—and are now in the hands of the Council. According to the architects, the building will be designed so that it may be erected on the west end of the city park (Block 69).

Two propositions may be on the ballot. The first, "Shall we issue bonds to build a City Hall?" and the second, "Shall we issue an \$18,000 bond issue to purchase the Goold property for a City Hall site?"

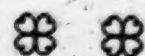
If both propositions are voted upon favorably by a two thirds majority, the City Hall will be built on the Goold property. Should the City Hall bonds be approved and the Goold property proposition be turned down, the building will be erected on the west end of the City Park.

The amount of the bond issue will be about \$30,000. An additional \$10,000 is expected to be obtained through an outright grant from the PWA, making a total of approximately \$40,000 available for the building if the bond issue is approved by the voters.

The Carmel City Council, by resolution, gave formal recognition to Company A, of Carmel, as special police, this body having been organized on request of the council some time ago.

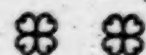
"Resolved that said company, together with its officers and non-commissioned officers so deputized, be and they are

hereby empowered to safeguard the public peace and safety of said city under the direction and supervision of the Chief of Police thereof."



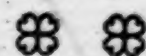
Stanley Wood of Carmel was the one Monterey Peninsula artist whose work was represented in the showing of the Public Works of Art held in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C. Wood's Boulder Dam paintings have gained wide attention, being reproduced in *Fortune* Magazine and are hanging in the office of Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes.

Wood has been a very busy man, as the result of his work. He went to Charleston, S. C., to paint the famous Middleton Gardens when the blooms were at their best. Three of these paintings were allocated, one to the Governor of South Carolina, the other two to the mayors of Columbia and Charleston.



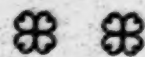
A trio of Carmelites received cash awards of \$10 each in the Bank of America's recent statewide essay contest on the theme "Leaders of Tomorrow," according to announcement by John A. Davis, official of the bank's local branch.

The three prize winners were: Charles Bauer on "Science Marches On"; Robert D. Kennedy, whose subject was "Economic Development of the Next Thirty Years"; and Eleanor Nelson, of Carmel Valley.



A whole pine cone on the ground anywhere on the Monterey Peninsula is a rarity these days. Reason—after a long absence from these parts the gray squirrel is back. He makes his meals off the green cones, and drops the leavings on the ground.

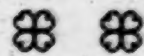
It is said that several years ago an epidemic swept through the Sierras and almost wiped out the gray squirrel population. In the last year or two, however, they are returning.



I used to be content
Watching the silhouette
Of the moon through a
Pepper tree.

Now I'm content
Watching the children
Make mud pies.

—RAY P. DAVIS



We understand that the Greek Adonis is now carrying a hod!

One Life's Record

An Anonymous Autobiography
(Continued from last week)

There was a farm attached to the school, and being a "working" student I became a feeder of pigs, a pitcher of hay, a hoer and husker of corn. Sweet were my escapes from the drab routine of work and lessons, when in a hay-loft or on the sunny beach of some friendly islet down the Mystic River, I rode again with *Deadwood Dick* and *Calamity Jane*. Constantly I played truant, was strapped mildly for it, and grew seasoned to a weekly thrashing accompanied by a search of my room for tobacco and forbidden literature. A few losses and I watched the disposal of the contraband. I found that all tobacco and cigarettes went into the master's fireplace, but that all nickel and dime novels were cached in a large drawer in the private study. It was no great task to force the simple lock of the drawer, and one memorable afternoon I repossessed not only the treasures which once had been mine, but also the confiscations of years. There was a wheelbarrow load of them in fact, and while a fellow scholar kept watch I transferred the booty to a sharpie and rowed two miles to an island where I had a secret friend who had taught me to dig clams, to row well, and to sail a cat-boat. A fisherman's son was Alvie, a year or two older than I, poverty-bitten and barefooted nine months of the year. The dimes that came his way for bait-netting and eel-skinning went—not for candy, not for tops or marbles, nor for packages of cigarettes including little photographs of actresses in tights—but for stirring tales of land and sea. The yeast of Adventure had budded in him also. He was taller than I, older, bronzed and keen of eye, but in the matter of literature we met on common ground. He hid my treasure—now ours—among his father's nets.

I liked Alvie. Alvie liked me. Golden afternoons followed, when, our tousled heads pillowed in the crooks of our freckled arms, we lay half-buried in some windrow of rockweed washed above high-water markings. Gulls wheeled overhead, their screams transmuted into the whooping of Indians surrounding a wagon square. Did we raise our eyes for a mo-

ment to gaze at Ram Island light vessel, nodding out yonder at her moorings, she became for us a pirate ship hove-to on an indigo sea, the skull and bones at her fore, her hold crammed with iron chests bulging with precious jewels and Spanish doubloons.

Sweet trancies! Escapes from pig-feeding and corn-harvesting. But their cumulative effect was a stoppage to all further education by grace of masters and text books. Home to Randolph I was sent in disgrace, and immediately I looked about for some way of announcing my return to the village at large.

High on a hill at the southern skirt of the village, not far distant from the big white house where Mary Wilkins lived and wrote, a huge standpipe kept vigil with itself and kept the town in water. There was an iron-runged ladder giving access to the open top of the cylinder, and one day I climbed it. It wasn't out of mere curiosity, nor was it for exercise. I had a distinctive mission. My pockets bulged with bluing balls, hundreds of them, filched from a grocer with whom we traded. I knew that each ball was sufficient to tinge many hundreds of gallons of water, and I was anxious to learn what effect, if any, they would have on the contents of the standpipe. Holding on with one hand at the top, I fished in my pockets with the other and relieved myself of the bluing. Slowly then I made my way down the iron rungs and stole across the deserted field back of the Wilkins' barn.

The bluing was most excellent as to strength. I had my doubts all that afternoon and evening as I stealthily tried the faucets without results, but next morning there was a faint bluish tinge in the water. My mother noticed it and spoke of it while preparing breakfast. By noon the water was as blue as that strip of the Bay of Naples between the islands of Capri and Ischia. I had achieved a triumph. Randolph people would have none of this water. Long disused wells were put into operation again, and the sound of the pump was heard in the land. Spring water tanks and wagons came down from Brockton and up from Braintree. All was excitement and disorder until the water company published a notice that their product was non-poisonous, and that if each householder would open all faucets wide, the colored water would soon be drawn off and a fresh supply pumped to the standpipe.

Need I say certain deductions laid the blame on me? I'd been seen descending the ladder and crossing the field. The grocer missed his bluing balls shortly after he'd noticed me issue stealthily from the

rear of his store. It was an open and shut case. Furthermore, it was the last straw. Heretofore I had annoyed schools and a library. But now I had outraged a town.

Again a committee waited on my mother. Several of them were schoolmates of hers. They liked her and felt for her. The red-faced constable eyed me frostily while the spokesman cleared his throat and fumbled uneasily at his white chin-whisker. He was chairman of the village board of selectmen, and his word was law.

"Mary," he began, "I understand Bill's owned up to takin' that bluin' and throwin' of it into the standpipe."

Tears gathered in my mother's eyes as she admitted that such was the case. I was a bad boy—almost an incorrigible one. But I wasn't given to lying.

Deacon John May now spoke up, reviewing quite fairly what I had done to his Sunday School. The librarian and others followed the tall and spare deacon who'd donned his long-tailed cutaway for the occasion; then came a silence broken by my being ordered from the room.

In the front parlor I sat twiddling my thumbs. I stared up at the black-framed "Stag at Bay" hanging over the mantel, then mechanically I sought the companion piece, "Stag Crossing the Ice," hanging on the opposite wall. On the center table there was no gas lamp as there'd been in our big house in Boston Highlands, for Randolph had no gas. I missed that lamp with its octagonal shade depicting eight scenes from the Bible. And strangely enough now, rather than giving thought to what was going on in our sitting room, I ruminated on Daniel in the cage of lions and David and Goliath.

At length the soft rumbling of voices ceased and I heard the thumping of feet on the piazza. The committee was taking its departure. I wondered vaguely what would be done with me, what had been decided upon.

"Bill!"

It was Grandpa's voice. There was a note in it I'd never heard before—not even on the morning he told me my father was dead. I followed him into the sitting room where my mother sat rocking slowly to and fro, and then looked up at him. There was no twinkle now in his merry blue eyes. A look of grave concern had replaced it.

"Bill," he said softly but firmly, "unless we send you out of town you're to be sent to the State Reform School."

My eyes sought my mother's. They brimmed with tears as she nodded in sorrow.

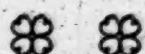
"What in the world shall we do with you?" Grandfather went on.

I had no remedy to suggest. I was be-



Dame Gossip

Mrs. Mary Adda Reade had as guests recently Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Korten of Long View, Washington.



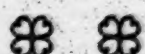
The former Miss Rene Willson and Ray Moore are receiving the congratulations of their many friends. They were recently married at Reno, Nevada.



A number of Carmel men and women have obtained employment on SERA projects. Both "white collar" workers and laborers have been engaged.



Next Monday will be Labor Day, a legal holiday. The banks and the Post Office will be closed. Admission Day will be celebrated on Monday, September 10th, another legal holiday.



Mrs. W. W. Morgenthau tells another amusing incident that occurred while she was selling tickets for the Forest Theater. An enormous man towered above her, and said "Who would pay money to see the 'Dumb Wife,' when everyone has got one?"

ginning to feel ashamed of the trouble I'd brought on my house. A hand stole forth and rested on my shoulder—a blue-veined and wrinkled hand smelling always of surgeon's soap and oil of eucalyptus.

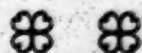
"What would you like to do? What would you like to be?—more than anything else in the world?"

Had I answered, "A doctor, like you," I believe Grandpa would have found a way. As it was, my thoughts hurdled all career possibilities—to fix upon the romantic and free lives of *Deadwood Dick* and *Calamity Jane*.

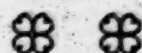
"Rather than anything else in the world," I said slowly and almost fearfully, "I'd like to go out West and be a cowboy."

(To be continued next week)

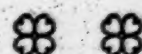
Dr. and Mrs. Edward F. Kehr's Sealyham Tucky took first honors at the Santa Cruz dog show recently. Are they proud?



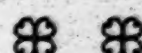
After a month at Strawberry Lake in the Sierras, Mrs. Sumter Earle, Angey Phillips, and their two grandchildren, Margaret and Earle Dorrance, are back in Carmel. They had a glorious time.



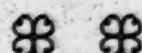
Emmet Hayden, for many years a member of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, was a much interested Serra Festival visitor. Oh, yes, Mrs. Hayden was also one of our charming visitors.



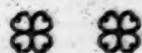
Frederick Preston Search, well known Carmel musician, is now a member of the Canterbury Hotel orchestra in San Francisco. Search is being featured.



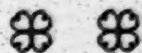
We understand that Mr. Jack Jordan is open to congratulations, and that an important announcement is forthcoming.



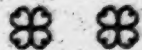
Miss Ann Eigel was wearing orchids on Saturday night, looking lovely and starry-eyed.



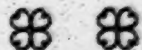
George Graft and Company is about to organize a Society for the Prevention of Sleep.



The Four Horsemen returned on Sunday from the Rest Cure up the Valley. Fran Conlon looked really ethereal with a beautiful red beard. Shortly after arriving in Carmel he dashed himself off to the Lodge.



Dr. Albert Leon Van Houtte has returned to his cottage in Carmel after a colorful voyage which included Pago Pago, Australia, Suva and the Hawaiian Islands.

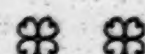


Mr. Laidlaw Williams, the ornithologist, was generously selling tickets for the "Dumb Wife," on Dolores Street on Saturday afternoon. This was something of the conversation that I overheard. . . . A coy young Miss did say to him . . . "Oh, Mr. Williams, how delightful to talk to you . . . I have always been so interested in *Birds* . . . Do tell me about them." Mr. Williams, very stoic and pa-

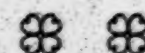
tient, "What would you like to know?" . . . Coy Female . . . "Well, I have always wondered how you can tell the difference between a male bird and a female bird." Mr. Williams, very quietly, "Oh, that's simple . . . you tell immediately by their diet. The male birds eat only male worms, and the female birds eat only female worms."

Aghast and curious, the young woman persisted. "But how can you tell the difference between the male and female worms?"

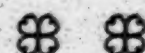
Said Mr. Williams . . . still patient . . . "My dear lady . . . I am a bird man. You will have to see a worm man about that."



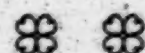
Elise Law dancing at Del Monte on Saturday with Eddie Fitzpatrick. That girl really does know how to wear her clothes. Monday morning in Whitney's she was very striking in a green suit, just consuming a hurried breakfast before returning to the City.



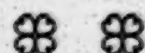
Excerpt from last week's *Pine Cone*, "Life Class Bows to Tuesday Concerts." We would like to know whether to the left or the right, and what about the other nights of the week.



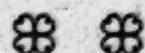
Miss Jessie Brown and her sister entertained at a cocktail party on Saturday from 4 until 4.



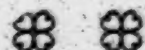
Ray Burns motored to Piedmont to bring a guest down for the party. It is said that the train service is bad from here to Piedmont.



We asked Tommie Tooker whom he took to Del Monte on Saturday. He refused the information. Very decent of him.



Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. Thompson of Fresno spent the weekend at their summer home in the Eighty Acres.



Barbara Collins is leaving immediately for Hollywood to play a part in "Men in White" under the direction of Russell Filmore. The play will open in San Francisco under the auspices of Henry Duffy at the Curran Theatre.

SOCIAL CREDIT

With this issue the *Crier* presents the second of a series of 12 articles on "Social Credit" prepared by David Warren Ryder, noted San Francisco economist and writer. It is hoped that our readers will follow the entire series, and will feel free to make comments or offer criticisms on Major Douglas' proposal. Either the proposal should be widespread with a view of influencing the administration to adopt it, or its fallacies, if any, should be brought to light. It is with this end in view that the *Crier* presents this astounding proposal which has been described as "too good to be true." Ed.

One of the most interesting and perhaps significant things about Social Credit is the extent to which it has cut through all social strata in England. It, as I shall presently relate, has appealed to large numbers of the working population—to manual laborers, I mean—and likewise has carried clear up to the top of the social heap.

One of the most active and tireless workers for it is the Marquis of Tavistock, a member of the House of Lords and one of the oldest titled families in England. He is a young man, but wields a clear and formidable pen.

Besides speaking frequently and writing a great deal on the subject, he is working assiduously among his confreres in the House of Lords—which body, by the way, conservative as it is, has shown unmistakable interest in the subject.

Another indefatigable worker and one of the pioneers is A. R. Orage [who needs no introduction to Carmel. Ed.], the very brilliant editor of the *New English Weekly*, which, in the opinion of a good many people of discrimination, is the finest critical review now published in the English language.

Mr. Orage has long been associated closely with Major Douglas. Prior to the war, and for some years after, he edited the *New Age*, and published much about Social Credit when it and its chief proponent, Major Douglas, were "voices crying in the wilderness."

Commander Kenworthy, late of the British Navy, is another very active member of the group. There are numerous others actively engaged in the Social Credit movement in England, Scotland, Ireland, Australia and New Zealand. Among them, President de Valera of the Irish Free State is thoroughly familiar with it, and is said to be seriously considering putting it into effect in Ireland as soon as he deems the time propitious.

In a recent issue of the *New English Weekly* he is quoted as saying, "Today

the world wilts under a dictatorship of financiers, who know the price of everything and the value of nothing."

Ezra Pound, the well known poet, although not an avowed member of the group, is committed to the general principles of the movement, as are many other prominent men—journalists, artists, playwrights and actors.

Among the latter is Maurice Colbourne, who recently appeared in America in "The Queen's Husband," and in other plays, and it appears that nearly all the members of his company are "social creditites." [There is also our own Walter Hampden and his son, Paul. Ed.] This does not by any means exhaust the list, but those named are the most prominent in the movement.

While some degree of prosperity prevailed, the Social Credit movement had "hard sledding." But as the depression's swath has cut wide and deeper, it has gained great impetus. Groups, first to study and then to advocate its proposals, have sprung up throughout Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England, proper, as well as in Australia and New Zealand.

Of the 80 members of the New Zealand House of Representatives, 16 of them have adopted Social Credit. One of them, Capt. Rushworth, went so far recently as to offer himself as a target for a shooting party if he failed to bring back prosperity to New Zealand in three months, provided Parliament would adopt Social Credit.

The *New Era*, the Australian Social Credit weekly, circulates 17,000 copies a week. The New South Wales Douglas Social Credit Association has a hundred new branches, together with women's auxiliary and junior groups. It has executive offices in Sydney, complete with its own lecture room. In the various districts 100 lectures are given weekly, and the audiences number up to 7,000.

An excerpt from a press report of a recent meeting in Sydney read:

"A line of closely parked motor cars, stretching for hundreds of yards on both sides of the theater Sunday night last, suggested that something out of the usual order of things was on. For over two hours a crowded audience sat and listened with the closest attention to lectures delivered by Mr. C. Barclay Smith, editor of the *New Era*, and to other speakers on the Douglas Social Credit proposals."

Nor is the movement confined to the British dominions. Study groups are at work in Holland and Norway, and the Marquis of Tavistock's "Poverty and Overtaxation" has been translated into Norwegian.

Under Garibaldi there were the "Red Shirts"; Mussolini gave the world the "Black Shirts"; and Hitler the "Brown Shirts." Enter now the "Green Shirts." I have mentioned that Social Credit has appealed to all classes.

While men such as those mentioned have been writing and speaking about it, groups of industrial and agricultural workers have been equally active in spreading the message of "plenty for all." Organizing themselves as the "Green Shirts," they are holding weekly meetings, sometimes in halls, sometimes in barns, sometimes (in London and its environs) on street corners.

Members actually wear green shirts, and, preceding the meetings, parade through the streets carrying banners and distributing leaflets. There are said to be more than 200,000 "Green Shirts" and the membership rolls are increasing steadily.

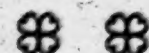
For a long time the principal London newspapers appear to have ignored the movement. Lately most of them have opened their columns to letters about it, pro and con, and some have carried news articles of considerable length.

Tending also to indicate the ground the movement is gaining is the recent manifesto of the London Chamber of Commerce. This pronouncement, while not committing the chamber to the exact "Douglas plan," vigorously attacks the existing money system and recommends reformatory measures in principle largely the same as those Major Douglas advocates.

I have just read a 21,000 word explanation of the chamber's declaration, written by its secretary, Mr. A. deV. Leigh, and I can discern but very little difference between it and the declarations of Major Douglas.

Both insist that, as Mr. Leigh says, "the world has conjured itself into the ludicrous position of want in the midst of plenty," and both lay the blame for the paradox on an archaic and inept money system. And even more significant, both call for methods of "financing consumption"—the self-same thing that, we are told, President Roosevelt is also considering.

Watch for the third article of this series next week



Sunset School faculty will be without the services of Miss Marion Ohm this term. She will be much missed, as she is popular with parents, pupils and trustees. Mrs. Anne Uzzell has been appointed to the position.

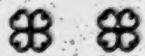


Edward Kuster again proved that there is still a place for real art in the theatre here in Carmel, when the audience responded so warmly to his production of "The Women Have Their Way."

The Golden Bough Players caught the spirit of gaiety in rural Spain, and played with the inspired lightness and abandon that was necessary for this play.

The comedy would prove extremely boring unless handled with delicacy, for it is the old simple theme of women who gossip. Individual performances were excellent, especially Barbara Collins, who has already proved herself to be an actress of great possibilities. We predict a definite future for this young woman, who enters completely into the spirit of any part that she may be playing, and does not attempt to be always Barbara Collins. This is an art in itself. Bill Lingley was delightful in the leading juvenile, and his diction and stage presence worthy of a professional. Mr. Kuster played the friendly Priest quietly and with understanding. The entire play was well handled collectively, which says everything for the director. The set was really a work of art, and in itself drew a breathtaking murmur of applause from the audience. But then, no wonder, for Bill Gaskin knows what he is doing always, and does it well. In brief, the play was a success most definitely from an artistic standpoint.

—D. B.



With last Tuesday night's performance of George Marion's "The Apostle of California" there came to an end the five-day Serra Festival, which commemorated the 150th anniversary of the death of Fray Junipero Serra.

The entire affair—civic, dramatic, religious—was an unqualified success, and Carmel, indeed the entire State of California, may well be proud of an undertaking worthily conceived and executed.

Sunday was the outstanding day of the five-day celebration. With the colorful cavalcade, led by the Monterey American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, from Ocean Avenue to Carmel Mission, the day's activities began. This was fol-

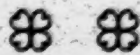
lowed by a largely attended Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by Archbishop Edward J. Hanna. Two splendid performances of the Serra drama, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening, completed the day's program.

All six presentations of "The Apostle of California" were made before almost capacity houses and thoroughly enjoyed. Later on a statement of the number who witnessed the drama and of the receipts will be issued. Any profits will be devoted to the Mission restoration fund.

The large crowd of visitors who were here, in the intervals between programmed events, took full advantage of the Peninsula's recreational and amusement facilities. The beaches were crowded, the golf courses afforded many a caddy an opportunity to earn a little extra, the theatres played to more or less good houses, and the gaily decorated streets had their constant throng of pleasure-seeking pedestrians.

From time to time and for various occasions Carmel has had in its midst many distinguished men and women, but never before have there been so many notables in our confines at one time. So appreciative were they of Carmel's beauty and hospitality, and of Monterey's historic interest, that they have promised to come again.

—W. L. O.



A hushed awe seemed to hang over the audience even before the Pageant began... there was an amazing feeling of unreality commingling with reality. Suddenly a Priest appeared very quietly and made some announcements... it was all so gentle... even the smoke from the cigarettes failed to strike a harsh note. Peace pervaded the atmosphere.

As the chords of the piano were heard one felt reverent... despite creed or nationality... then the throbbing notes of the violin intensified the spirit of beauty...

Then darkness... under the strange half light of the sky that seems peculiar to California the Pageant began. I did not find the mob scenes as good as I had expected them to be... because unfortunately—or fortunately—George Marion and Frank Sheridan were so outstanding that the company seemed... which it was... amateurish and not first rate... Marion is so perfect... such a superb artist... his mein... the very expression of his body as he walks... before he speaks one word... he seems to be a Saint...

Then too... Frank Sheridan... with his magnificent enunciation and stirring voice, held me spell-bound as he stood

high above the scene... beside the mission bell...

The Indian dances were ghoulishly effective... but they were not good enough... there were moments when the Spanish dancing seemed almost ludicrous... beside the Stars... Of course June Delight danced beautifully... but there again is the difference between the professional and the amateur... which it seems to me ought never to be mixed... The singing of the male chorus was really good... perhaps because it was simple and sincere.

As the pageant proceeded, suddenly the moon hung low in the sky, and the voices of the singing from the chapel were deeply moving... soft and subdued... the figures of the grey garbed priests walking against the background of the weeping trees will leave a lasting impression of something that is intangible... beauty.

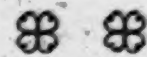
The lighting of the production was a masterpiece of artistry, and worthy of Reinhardt.

Frederic Burt and Helen Ware were perfectly cast... and Sibyl Leonard was lovely.

But again I say that the mob failed to excite me in its entirety. Rather say, that occasional groups were good. It seems astonishing that George Marion and Frank Sheridan should be willing to accept anything but perfection.

Suddenly the thought occurs... George Marion was playing Serra... who was not self-seeking.

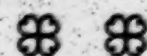
—D. B.



GOIN' CAMPIN? READ THIS!

If the canvas of a tent is in good condition it should keep out the rain. There is one thing that must be remembered—on no account must the material be touched when it is saturated. If only one spot on the inside is touched with a finger, the water comes through. For the same reason boxes and other objects must be kept away from the wet canvas.

If the canvas has been touched, get a piece of flat wood and hold the edge a little above the leakage. Then draw the piece of wood firmly down the canvas to the bottom of the tent. This will stop the leak and cause the water to drain downward once more.

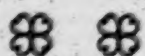


Ferdinand Burgdorff, his mother and sister, have returned to Pebble Beach, following a motor trip in Southern California. Burgdorff recently completed paintings to be hung in the Yosemite Park gallery.

Book Reviews

"Bag O' Tales." The title of this book might easily have been "The Complete Story-Teller." Not only does it contain representative stories from the great reservoir of children's literature, but it has an amazing bibliography from which story-tellers and readers to children can constantly get new material.

The stories are selected chiefly "from historic traditional sources which form the basis of imaginative literature for children—but the best of modern writing for children is represented." The volume contains nursery rhymes, fairy stories by Grimm and Andersen, the folk tales of many countries, the hero stories of Greece and Scandinavia, with adaptations from the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." There are "Aesop's Fables," and adaptations from "Pilgrim's Progress," as well as stories of Persian heroes. Likewise there are fanciful stories to tickle the child's imagination. The book is the richest kind of a source-volume and it will save a great deal of time for people who frequently need to replenish their stock of stories.



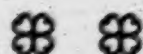
"Manhattan Love Song," by Kathleen Norris. Depression or no depression, young love conquers the world. Such has been a favorite theme of Kathleen Norris, the novelist, and in her latest book she demonstrates her theory very successfully. Four young university students set out to conquer the world, with New York as the scene of their great adventure. Fanny, who was in love with Chris, adored it and made New York peculiarly her own city. She laughed at the prevalent talk about hard times and said, "I've never known anything about this depression. It began in my junior year at college, and that's about as soon as anyone begins to notice things like that. I don't remember times when there were jobs for everyone, and everyone wore fur and silk stockings and went abroad and bought bonds. This is just the world to me, just the way the world is."

With such a sane philosophy Fanny was able to face the many problems which confronted even such a simple life as her own. First was the mere problem of living, for her first job brought her the magnificent sum of ten dollars a week. Later

she became an actress with small parts. Then there was the problem of loneliness, for the quartette was soon broken up. Madge and Mack returned to California to be married, while Chris, who had been in love with Madge, disappeared.

When Fanny found Chris again he was desperately ill, and she nursed him through the crisis. When he recovered, Chris fell in love with her and they were married.

Madge returned to New York and cast covetous eyes upon Chris, for her engagement to Mack had been called off. Fanny meets this and other problems with gay courage, and the book closes with success "just the around the corner" for Chris.

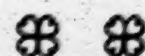


A remarkable copy of the Shakespeare First Folio has just been acquired by Gabriel Wells, New York bookseller. It comes from the library of one of the oldest titled families in England—a library to which nothing has been added since 1700.

The present copy has the distinction of having been annotated by a reader shortly after Shakespeare's death. H. Idris Bell, keeper of manuscripts of the British Museum, has assigned the handwriting to the reign of Charles I, between 1625 and 1649. It is possible the writer saw the original productions of many of Shakespeare's plays and he may have had access to manuscripts that have long since disappeared.

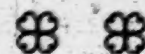
A collection of Shakespeare's comedies, histories and tragedies printed by William and Isaac Jaggard and issued in 1623 by a group of booksellers is known as the First Folio. Besides commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, Hugh Holland, Leonard Digges and an unidentified I. M., it has dedications to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery and to "the

great Variety of Readers." The Drouth engravings form part of the title-page. The contents include all the thirty-seven plays now printed in the edition of Shakespeare's plays except "Pericles."

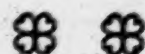


Mrs. Helen Wilson, of the Carmelita Shop here, has just returned from the advance style shows in the City. She tells me that the materials used in the sports clothes are extremely interesting, with astonishing color combinations, giving the effect of tweeds. There is one lovely heavy silk affair, knitted . . . dull wine combined with powder blue. The skirts are to be worn considerably shorter, even for dinner and restaurant gowns.

The smart hostess will wear pajamas again, for bridge or informal affairs at home. The materials are rich and lovely . . . velvet . . . or satin. There is a divine model . . . three piece . . . called the Butcher Boy. Heavy satin, wine red, with white polka dots . . . wide trousers, and a skirt that goes over this. So utterly simple that is the essence of sophistication . . . and this with a little perfume from those crystal bottles! Oh . . . and oh!



Mr. Kuster has good reason to be enthusiastic, for early in October Lester Horton's Ballet will stop over in Carmel and perform at the Playhouse. This ballet needs no introduction, but it will be marvelous to be able to see the fifty dancers here in Carmel. They are going to do "Salome" . . . also the negro ballet, "Voo Doo" . . . and the "Blue Danube."



The Louis Levinson family have returned from a month's stay in Carmel Valley.



Village Fair

After the inspiring Serra Fiesta, what fun to unbend and kick up your heels. Now you can really celebrate and go native. The Forest Theater grounds, brilliantly lighted, colorfully decorated, will offer the most frolicsome fair this town has ever seen.

All brands of fun from Midway side shows to free vaudeville are provided at so trifling an admission charge that you and your children cannot afford to miss it. One ticket admits both Friday and Saturday.

It's safe to say every mother's son for miles around will be found in the frisky Midway. Tut-tut! Boys will be boys. But there's oodles to see besides the Midway with its Fortune Telling, Sally Rand type Fan Dance, Artist's Life Class and Venus Rising from the Waves. And one admission lets you in for both days, so why not take your time and see it all. Enjoy the vaudeville on the main stage, while seated at a table in the German Beer Garden. The popular Presidio Band plays from 6:30 to 8:00; then vaudeville; and then the Jitney Dance to Allen Knight's inspiring music.

Cast your eye over these free vaudeville headliners. Prince Hadji Igdor Mahomet of India in a revelation of Yoga magic; Lily Leguna, famous NBC radio soprano; and the gruesome relics of crime in the Chamber of Horrors, which will make your blood run cold. As an antidote you will find Billie McConnell and Marion Minges well worth while in "Motoring Daze of 1910."

And the biggest sensation of all. Allen Knight will bury two lovely girls under a ton of sand. Besides this, Juan and Josefina Garcia, fresh from their Serra Fiesta triumphs, will dance in their imitable manner. Then the Beauty Contest for Girls in Shorts, and the Electric Eye that sees all and knows all.

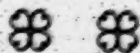
Enjoy a dinner at the innumerable food shops. Compete for the prize at Mrs. John Neikirk's booth for the best arrangement of flowers, browse among Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff's rare and antique books, view Carmel's first exhibit of Carmel Valley farm products, watch the horned toad race by blooded toads from the private stables of Millicent Sears.

And the children have not been forgotten. Besides enjoying pink lemonade, balloons, popcorn, peanuts, and Mrs. C.

J. Ryland's homemade candy, they will howl with glee over the Educated Goose, the Art Grab Bag, Leota Tucker's Eccentric Photograph Gallery, the Talking Dog, Lynn Hodges' Trick Pony, the Fortune Telling Dwarf, Bettie Greene's riding ponies. Let the youngsters test their skill at the Fish Pond and enter their pups in the Dog Show for exhibitors under twelve. A pedigreed Cairn Terrier will be given away by Mrs. Biddle Dorsey.

Remember registration for all events is free. Call Carmel 1001 or 774. Follow the arrows at the foot of Ocean Avenue hill south on Mountain View Avenue the short distance to the Forest Theater grounds.

Come in costume if you can. Join the clowns, Indians, cowboys, soldiers, sailors and Spanish Grandees, or come just as a plain American citizen. But, in any event, come and have a good time at the biggest Fair in Carmel's history!



OSTRICH

By EDWARD WILLETT BURNS

Unauthorized persons, some of them striking Teamsters, were guilty of the "violent acts" to which an editorial, published in the *Christian Science Monitor* under the date of July 31st, 1934, takes exception. Similar exceptions have been noted in the press throughout the country. They are expected from uninformed editorial writers slanting their work to meet the exigencies of the business office. That the staid *Monitor* should confess to such a deplorable condition becomes all the more remarkable when one considers the sound financial foundations of *Christian Science*.

California is not experimenting with Vigilantes. California has not found it necessary to take access to extra-legal methods to purge itself of the insidious

influences that have been undermining, unhindered, its institutions and beliefs. Steps that have been taken to combat Communism have been taken within the clearly defined limits of the law. And then only under sanction from, and in conjunction with, duly constituted law enforcement agencies. Therefore the cry "Vigilantes," raised in the editorial referred to, is just as displeasing as the cry of "Wolf" with which the editorial is headed.

Regardless of what experiences California has had with Vigilantes, the developments and disclosures of the past two weeks prove clearly that the steps taken by Californians, who consider their Americanism as something more than a mere political shibboleth, were indeed necessary and were, moreover, backed by the people of the State as a whole.

So far it has not been necessary to "regulate the regulators." Neither will there ever be any danger of such necessity. Activities now in progress to stamp out Communism are made possible only with the co-operation and the support of those to whom law enforcement is a sworn duty.

Far too often has the cry "Wolf!" gone unheeded, with the result witnessed at San Francisco. The fact which the citizens of California are "facing squarely," to use the *Monitor's* own words, is, that organized lawlessness has been found to exist within the State; that the doctrines of that lawlessness have been disseminated to the youth of the commonwealth, with the dire consequences proven.

At last the citizens are heeding the cry of "Wolf!" and are now ridding themselves, for all time to come, of all lawlessness. No matter under what "ism" it might choose to masquerade. And that ridding process is being conducted by lawful, legal, measures.

To the *Monitor's* cry of "Wolf!" only one answer can be made. "Ostrich!"



SUNDAY AFTERNOON

BY DOROTHY BROOKE

Mr. Hale was very glad that it was Sunday afternoon. The days grew quickly in December, and London was apt to be foggy. But it was pleasant today, and he would smoke his pipe.

He had lived in this little room for three years now; it had become part of his life. Amazing how quickly the past faded away, and the present grew familiar with such rapidity.

There was a small washing stand in the room, a brass bedstead, a worn carpet, his trunk, some photographs, and a little gas ring on which he could fry sausages. Bacon he found too difficult to cook, as he never managed to get it crisp as it should be. A little awkward to learn to do these things when he was 75.

The best part of the room was the fireplace. His landlady was quite a decent sort about not charging him for his buckets of coal, so far this season he was particularly careful with it.

However, this was Sunday afternoon to which he had been looking forward all the week. He had warmed to the pleasurable moment when he would strike the match and watch the paper flare up, then the wood catch on in a pleasant blaze, and soon the coal would burn cheerfully.

First of all he put on his felt slippers—his foot had been very painful indeed for quite a long time, and Mr. Hale had been obliged to walk with a slight limp. This was very trying, since he walked a good deal every day. He was a very fortunate man at his age, he thought, because someone in the city gave him something to do to earn a little money.

He knew the silk world, even though it was a different thing these days. And so he walked round to all the silk houses carrying samples in a little black bag, and took what orders he could persuade the buyers to give him. It was not a very jolly affair, but it was something to do. A lot of people had no hope at all, he thought, and younger men than he, too.

So now Mr. Hale neatly placed his uncomfortable machine-made boots out of sight under the window sill, lit the match and started the fire. Then he pulled the shabby arm chair in front of the fire. He had a beautifully seasoned pipe, and a tin of excellent tobacco. (The idea of expensive brands was really all nonsense, he told himself.)

There! Now he was very comfortable. The fire was going splendidly, his pipe was filled, and there was the Sunday Observer to read. He really was a fortunate man. Mrs. Blodgett, the landlady, always brought him a tray on Sunday

afternoon for a sort of treat. Very nice of her to do it, because it was not included in the price. Last Sunday there had been hot buttered crumpets and shrimp paste as well. She usually brought it in about four o'clock, and it was only three now, so he would thoroughly enjoy his pipe.

As he puffed away so deliciously Mr. Hale began to see pictures. They seemed to appear in the blue smoke from his pipe. These pictures always came to him on Sunday afternoons, and although the scenes varied, there were always the same people there. Sometimes they were very young. The woman was extraordinarily beautiful. Very tall and fair, she held herself so magnificently; not like these women of today who slouch all over the place. Sometimes she would be standing there in the picture beside a shiny bicycle, wearing a sailor hat, and smiling gaily. The man beside her was a little aghast at her boldness in thinking that young women could be riding on bicycles all over the country-side.

At other times these two happy people were driving past the green fields in a lovely carriage, and Laura so pleased with the well-matched horses. Very dashing they were. The man with her was rather worried, and felt that she ought to be taking more care of herself, and staying at home more. He could see the house quite vividly. He wandered through the rooms with Laura. From the long narrow drawing room with the modern water colors on the dark green walls, to the dining room, which was done in red. This was his favorite room really. He had bid up fairly high for that table and sideboard, and then what astonishing luck to have found the chairs in a different place entirely. Pleasant to sit down to dine with Laura looking so lovely in her black velvet and wearing the pearls. She refused to keep the Crown Derby china for best, as his mother had done.

Somehow that reminded him of that awful day when Laura had been taken to their bedroom, and strange women being in the household. After endless hours of anxiety he was shown a ridiculous little affair all red and wrinkled, which was their son. The picture changed rapidly now. There was almost a different period. Laura was older. She looked the same though, but she was crying terribly, all because of some sort of fear. Oh! yes. . . there was a war on, that was it. . . Their son in a sailor suit. . . How handsome he looked too. . . Reminded one of when he had been a little boy and wore sailor suits and sailed his toy boats in the pond. . . Nice, having a pond on one's place. . . How perplexed the small

boy had looked when his toy boat had sunk. . . But no one knew how the young man had looked when the big boat had sunk in the North Sea. . .

That was when Laura began to grow pale and thin; she stopped being gay; she was no longer herself at all. Specialists had been unable to save her and, as it turned out, this really was quite the best thing that could have happened. . . that Laura slipped quietly away before the thing occurred. . . Oh, he hoped that she did not know. . .

While Mr. Hale was puffing away at his pipe he was apt to grow a little confused with these personalities in the pictures. . .

He knew that the man who had loved Laura could not possibly have any connection with himself. . . The man had been so fond of his garden. Those rosebeds had been the best in Kent. Won any number of prizes in the flower shows. . . But the man who had taken such pride in his roses had nothing to do with Mr. Hale. . . The only connection between the two men was when the thing had happened. When he had been told that his partner in the silk firm which bore his name had been up to something crooked. . . and silks dropping off so suddenly, and all the artificial scuff coming in. . .

Then bankruptcy. . . It did not seem possible that such really discourteous people could walk into his house and simply take possession as they did. . . They kept selling the things. . . people walked through the house and touched and appraised his private property. . . His and Laura's. . . What a good thing that she had not been able to see. . . She would never have understood. . . She would have been so upset. . .

Another good thought came to Mr. Hale. . . Their daughter was married and living in Canada. . . He had contrived to keep the thing from her. . . If she were to know what happened she might feel that she ought to leave her Canadian husband and go back for her father. . . Nothing could be worse for young married people than to have a parent living with them. . . By no means must she be allowed to know. . . Splendid girl. . . like her mother, to look at.

Mr. Hale didn't know her very well, children these days were not as they used to be. . . Too rushed. . . well, he hoped that she was all right. . . she was no doubt having her own problems in a strange country. He could not quite see the young girl in Canada. . . He wondered what she looked like now. Five years make quite a difference. . . It would be very nice to see his daughter and have a little talk with her. . . These young

people should be taught a few things about values, the world seemed so topsy-turvy. So many people buying things on the installment plan. Most unwise. Everyone thinking only of pleasure and excitement. Oh, Mr. Hale hoped that she was not like that.

Of course life in the Colonies must be different. She seemed to be dashing through life at a great pace. Perhaps she needed advice and guidance. He ought to write her a serious letter; she should be protected. Her husband seemed a decent sort. Most of the young men of today seemed very much the same.

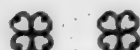
Well, anyway, it was a good thing that she never wrote seriously of returning to England for a visit. She might be unhappy if she saw Mr. Hale now. The room with the gas light might seem distasteful to her. But Mr. Hale really liked it very much. He had become accustomed to it. Saved a good deal on bus fares; it was within walking distance of London Bridge—if one got up early.

The smoke was clearing away now; that was a very fine pipe indeed, and the fire was burning so cheerily. Now the pipe was finished. His eyes closed in luxury. Almost time for Mrs. Blodgett to bring in his tea. Soon he would hear her tap-tap on the door and in she would trot. Such a kindly soul, and not too talkative. Oh dear! just five minutes sleep! He yawned and stretched. He shuddered a little. A discomfort somewhere in the region of his chest. Just a momentary thing. What a lovely fire! The coals were

glowing. What would be on the tray today he wondered. He wished it might be a boiled egg. His eyes were quite closed. There! tap-tap on the door. Mr. Hale was so sleepy that he did not hear his own voice say "Come in." He tried again. Funny not to hear one's own voice. Tap-tap on the door.

"He must be dozing off," said Mrs. Blodgett to herself, "and I wouldn't wake him—but here's a fresh egg for your tea, Sir."

Poor Mrs. Blodgett. Though she lit the gas and called very loudly indeed, Mr. Hale had gone into such a sound sleep that she found it quite impossible to wake him at all.



TO WORK ON HISTORIC DATA

According to a recent announcement made by Frederick R. Bechdolt, county director of emergency relief under the SERA program, Paul Parker, Salinas newspaperman, an authority on Monterey County history, will have charge of the SERA "white collar" project involving the collection and cataloguing of valuable documents, if and when it is approved.

The project, designed to give many workers jobs, will be done in such a manner as to make it easy for research workers to find valuable documents pertaining to the history of this county.

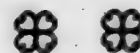


INJUSTICE DONE

Through an oversight the name of the writer of the article on the Forest Theater in last week's issue of the CRIER was omitted. Apologies are hereby offered to Mr. William Millis, who wrote the article, and it is hoped that he will overlook the unfortunate oversight.



Captain and Mrs. Pat Hudgins entertained at a cocktail party on Saturday. Mrs. Hudgins, who is always an exceedingly gracious hostess, was a delightful symphony in brown.



Mr. and Mrs. John Mathys and Miss Elizabeth Cahoon, whose sojourn in Carmel has been the incentive for numerous parties, were complimented at a smart 7 o'clock buffet supper and bridge at which Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hughes presided in their Monterey Peninsula Country Club residence.

The Mathys and Miss Cahoon are occupying the Field cottage in Carmel during the summer.

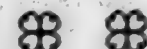
Those invited to honor the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burrows and Mr. and Mrs. John E. Abernethy from Carmel and many others from Salinas.



A number of Carmel citizens were unable to vote at last Tuesday's election. Having moved to another precinct, they had failed to change their registration.



Mr. Franklin Dixon has returned to Carmel after an absence of three months. He finds the pace of Carmel very refreshing after the rush and heat of Chicago.



The Foreign Language pictures will soon be shown at the Golden Bough, on Friday afternoons, and midnight, under the auspices of the Golden Bough Players.



The Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank has taken over the rental management of the Golden Bough Theatre.

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A "NEW SOCIAL ORDER"

By AGNES MORLEY CLEVELAND

A speaker made the statement over the radio recently that there had been more material progress in the last forty years than in the preceding forty million; that mechanical invention develops by geometric ratio so that the future is entirely beyond the range of human calculation if the past is taken as a criterion.

Assuming that there is some truth in this statement it would certainly modify many of the presumptions upon which certain advocates of a "new social order" base their arguments.

One of the doctrines upon which the demand for a "planned industry" rests is that civilized man has reached the saturation point of consumption.

Self-appointed planners, therefore, proceed upon the theory that all the factors of supply and demand are known; that these are definite and tangible; that men's wants are predictable and his satisfactions concrete; that benefits are as material as apples in a basket and can be as equably distributed.

From this premise these apostles of a new order reason that there must be an intelligent over-lordship which will distribute the benefits impartially. Naturally, they find their class are, presumably, the ones best fitted to be over-lords. They are the ones who thought out the scheme. Who else should administer it? It's as simple as that!

Of course the idea is put forward in the name of the "forgotten man," the "proletariat," the "rank and file," or, to use the term dear to the heart of the politician, "the people."

Broad humanitarianism is the banner under which march these self-styled re-

formers but it is always they and their class who shall sit in the seats of the mighty and rule, for even social justice must be administered.

Scratch the surface reasoning of one of these zealous reformers and nine cases out of ten will be found a firm conviction that the "masses" are incapable of political self-government, that the mentality of the average man is a negligible factor, that his hands and the strength of his back are the sole considerations to be reckoned with and—so goes the reasoning—these must be guided for "his own good" and thus will the brotherhood of man be established upon earth!

The brotherhood of man consists in one thing and one thing only—the acknowledgment of a common sonship, the sonship that is capacity to think. A human being, as set apart from the animal world, is a creature who can reason and formulate opinions and has a right to do so, one who has a right to learn by his own experience and to modify his opinions in the face of new evidence.

The social order is an aggregation of human beings who must live together at the level of the average intelligence and average social vision and not the level which a self-elected group of so-called intellectuals may select, which may or may not be above the average. The only livable level is that of the pooled mentalities, as it were, of all the citizens of the state.

This level will rise or fall in exact proportion to the education that is given to the less intelligent—and that is the rub!

It is so much easier to propose a system that will presumably work automatically and of itself dispense justice than it is to educate individuals to higher ethical and moral standards, especially when example as well as precept is necessary in the educative process.

The line of least resistance in social thinking is to assume that all humanitarian impulses revolve around supplying the creature wants of the human being and relieving him of moral responsibility for his own status in life.

The higher ground of humanitarianism is to acknowledge the right of one's fellowman to reap as he has sown, meanwhile, setting him a better example in sowing and reaping.

Artificial economic protection reduces an individual to the status of a slave and that status cannot endure. The human spirit will not brook it for long. It will burst into violent revolt when the pressure of demand to think for oneself becomes too strong.

The American system of constitution-

al guarantees that every citizen shall enjoy the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" on his own terms is the only logical, ethical or Christian system and is the one that has proven the most successful within the entire period of recorded history.

What men will invent in the future to satisfy their material wants no one can foresee. What they will put value upon in the realm of ethics or so-called moral behavior is equally unpredictable but that every human being will demand the right to think his own way through to his own satisfaction is unquestionable. The only true brotherhood of man is to grant that right.

Our American theory of government has this as its cornerstone. Americans should not forget that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and beware of those who would have them sell their birthright for the "mess of pottage."

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MARKER CEREMONY ON ADMISSION DAY

Monterey Peninsula will have a ceremony all its own on the afternoon of Monday, September 10th. Being Admission Day, it will be a legal holiday and will afford an opportunity for a large number to attend.

A ceremony to be staged at the junction of the Carmel-Pacific Grove-Monterey highways, at the summit of Carmel Hill, has for its object the installation of the first of 6000 highway markers and will designate the new Carmel-San Simeon highway as Route 1 of the State road system.

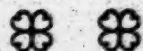
Preliminary plans for the affair, which is a signal honor to this section, were made at a meeting called by State Senator Edward H. Tickle, and Supervisor A. B. Jacobsen.

A barbecue luncheon at \$1.50 per plate, at which several State officials will be guests, will be served at noon in the Indian Village, 17-Mile Drive, with the marker erection ceremony following at 2:30. The Monterey Fire Department orchestra and other music will entertain the barbecue participants, and the 11th Cavalry Band will play at the marker erection ceremony.

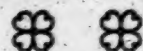
C. C. Cottrell of the California Automobile Association thus outlined plans for the installation of the new State markers to designate all important State highways not marked by federal route signs. He said:

"These markers are being installed as a result of months of study on the part of the engineers of the State department of Public Works and the California State Automobile Association.

"The Monterey Peninsula has been signally honored by having its coast line highway designated as State Route Number One, which is also the longest of all the newly designated highways. It includes not only all of the Carmel-San Simeon highway, but also the coast highway to San Francisco, thence across the Golden Gate bridge, where it picks up the coast highway in Marin and Sonoma counties. The route then joins with the Redwood highway south of Eureka."



Mr. and Mrs. John L. Nye had as guests over the weekend Mrs. Lola Sayers, her daughter and two sons. The visitors formerly lived here. Their home is in Fresno at present.



Some middle-aged people pursue a good time with the same fury that a dog chases a rabbit.

SUNSET ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1934-35

September 4, Tuesday, School opens; November 12, Monday, Armistice Day Recess; November 26 to 30, Week, Institute and Thanksgiving Recess; December 22 to January 1, Christmas Recess; January 2, Wednesday, School re-opens; January 25, Friday, Close of first semester; February 22, Friday, Washington's Birthday Recess; April 15 to 19, Week, Easter Recess; May 30, Thursday, Memorial Day Recess; June, Close of School.

Sunset School Staff Assignments:

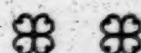
O. W. Bardarson, Supervising Principal; Anne Kohner, Kindergarten; Lilly C. Trowbridge, First Grade; Anne Uz-zell, First-Second Grade; Edna Lockwood, Second Grade; Bernita Ninneman, Third Grade; Frances Farley, Fourth Grade; Althea Kendall, Fifth Grade; Frances Johnson, Sixth Grade; Anna Marie Baer, Seventh Grade; Roy J. Gale, Eighth Grade; Ernest R. Calley, Shop; Sarah Rinehart, Departmental; Blanche Heninger, Domestic Science; Madeline Currey, Music; Elinor Smith, Nature Study.

A class in Domestic Science will be organized for girls in the Eighth Grade who are interested. Miss Blanche Heninger will head this new department, which is expected to prove popular.



Now thanks to God it all is ended... the Pageant is over... The tourists have returned to their homes... or wherever they came from... These curious people who crowded our gentle streets, and stared open-mouthed at themselves, saying "How odd are these Carmelites..." In the meantime Carmel stayed quietly at home... in its bemused fashion, not phased in the least by all the excitement.

Gone too, are the gilded uniforms... once again Peace and Quiet is restored... Until next year...



Don't be afraid of wasting time by learning something you are not required to know.

BLANK VERSE

When it is morning
I feel
The real
Pain
Of not seeing
You again.
But
I do not weep.

When it is noon
I know
That soon
This grief
Must cease
And
So
I do not weep.

When it is evening,
And the bright
Memory
Of beauty
Softly
Lingers
Oh! then—
I weep.

—D. B.



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GETZ GETS GOING

BY W. L. OVERSTREET

Izzy Getz, thirty-one, was partly bald, rotund, dapper, a man about town. He neither toiled nor did he spin, at least not during the daylight hours. He was a professional gambler and lived by his much-sharpened wits.

But Izzy's was not a single-track mind. He had other well-developed attributes. To instance only one, he had a discriminating eye for the opposite sex. He craved conversation and intimate social intercourse, particularly if he thought it would profit him something in the way of amusement and relief from boredom. He was unmarried. He had thought that some day he might take unto himself a wife to relieve a lonesomeness that at times assailed him. As a usual thing men bluntly and unceremoniously ignored him; women politely tolerated him. He really was nice on occasion.

Notwithstanding his questionable means of making a living this man about town lived a sober, regular, routine life. He habitually retired at approximately the same hour, arose about 11 a. m., took his shower, and at 12:30 repaired to his favorite restaurant for his breakfast-lunch.

By 1:30, the rest of the day before him was his to do as he elected. Occasionally it was a ball game, sometimes a visit to the zoo, frequently a moving picture show. The theatre or a dance claimed him on Sunday nights. His choice diversion, however, was to lounge about or to pace the lobby of the hotel where he resided, nodding and speaking to his acquaintances. He invariably contrived a quiet conversation with Miss Watson, clerk at the hotel desk.

Lily Watson, twenty and blonde, was

a good sort—sensible, good natured—laughing sometimes with, and again at Izzy. He regarded the demeanor of the young lady as a propitious sign for his present attention and his future plans. It was not long before he was managing to get in two or more little talks a day with Lily, and by now he was calling her by her first name. Then came the period when he was presenting flowers and candy to his lady love.

The gifts were accepted, often reluctantly. The girl had a job and she must not risk offending a permanent guest of the hostelry. The daily exchange of pleasantries and of giving continued.

One afternoon Izzy felt encouraged to ask Lily to a dance. Nothing doing. She was otherwise engaged. Again and again alluring attractions were held out—an auto ride, the art gallery, the theatre. The girl always refused, offering seemingly valid reasons for declining. She did not wish to offend. At first Izzy was mildly resentful, but after a time repeated repulses angered him; he was burned up, sore, revengeful. He'd give some other girl a chance to go out with him and perhaps marry him.

Hotel office employees are often on duty on varying schedules, involving both night and day hours. Lily was so affected. Frequently, however, when she desired to be away on her night "on," she was permitted to enlist the services of a girl acquaintance. Mary Chase was always willing to oblige; had often done so, incidentally making Izzy's acquaintance.

Came a time when Lily's mother had planned a birthday party. As it turned out the event was set for one of Lily's nights "on."

"Alright, mother, I'll phone Mary," said Lily.

The telephone conversation went something like this:

"Hello, Mary. Is that you?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"This is Lily. Will you take my place at the hotel Thursday night?"

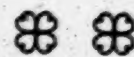
"I can't. Sorry."

"Why not?"

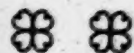
"Izzy won't let me. He's sore at you. We're going to be married next month."

★ TOWN

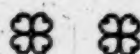
Miss Virginia Thorne, who has been a Carmel sojourner for several months, is leaving next week for a trip around the world. Her home is in Detroit.



Mr. John Sparks is entertaining three charming guests, and they will return to the City en masse.



Howard Johnson, of Berkeley, and of the R. O. T. C. was the guest this week end of Miss Elston in Carmel.



Connie Elston has been away from Carmel. She is still away.

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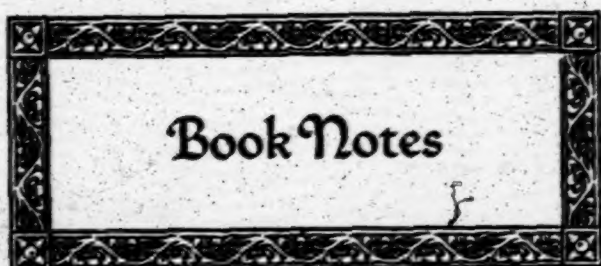
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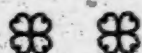
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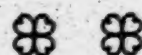


Book Notes

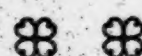
Thomas Mann's book, "Joseph and His Brothers," was in its second edition when it was recently published by Alfred A. Knopf. The first edition consisted of 6,500 copies, and the second of 3,000.



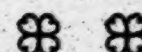
Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who when last heard from was planning an ambitious work on the progress of the "common man" through the ages, has temporarily shelved that project and is leaving soon for Vermont to finish a book about the arts.



A novel by Sholom Asch, the author of "Three Cities," is to be brought out shortly by Putnam. The title will be "Salvation."

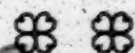


"The Emerald Murder Trap," by Jackson Gregory, California author, published by Scribner, is the first book printed from rubber plates, the Scribner Press having produced the volume by this process after a period of experimentation and research.

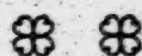


Hilaire Belloc is finishing "A Shorter History of England," which will be published in October. It is reported that he is devoting more space than is usual in modern histories to the recovery of Eng-

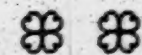
land after the breakdown of Roman administration to the establishment of civilization through the church in the seventh and eighth centuries, and to the transformation of England through the change in her religion in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.



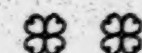
A first novel by Kate Mary Bruce, niece of Somerset Maugham, is published by the John Day Company. The title is "Duck's Back," and it concerns a spoiled American woman who rather upset the lives of a conventional British family.



Lord David Cecil, whose study of the poet Cowper, "The Stricken Deer," received the Hawthornden Prize in 1930, is said to be working on two biographies, one of Wordsworth and one of Lord Melbourne.

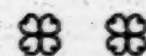


The best-selling novel in England just now, according to *The Bookseller*, London, is A. P. Herbert's "Holy Deadlock," a novel concerned with divorce laws. Doubleday, Doran will bring the book out.

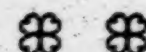


A crossword puzzle book is the work of Professor M. R. Ridley, author of the scholarly "Keat's Craftsmanship." The book is called "Oxford Crosswords," and the puzzles demand for solution, Mr.

Ridley says, "a reasonable stock of general knowledge and any amount of low cunning."



H. G. Wells is now writing an autobiography of the first thirty-two years of his career. It will be called "An Experiment in Autobiography" and will be published next month.



George Graft's new car is not really ... It's the historic one repainted.

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